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THE  
POLITICAL HARMONIST;  
OR  
SONGS,  
AND  
POETICAL EFFUSIONS,

SACRED TO THE  
CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

While TYRANTS reign in guilty state,  
And strive base *flav'ry* to prolong;  
My heart with Freedom's hope elate,  
Shall join in LIBERTY's sweet song!

THE FIFTH EDITION.

DUBLIN,

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER, PRINTER AND BOOK-  
SELLER, SKINNER-ROW, NEAR CASTLE-STREET.

M.DCC.LX.VII.

Price, Eight-pence.

Whose love of TRUTH expos'd him to a share—  
Of base *oppression* from the sons of *strife*,  
In that just CAUSE for which he'd yield his life!  
Convinc'd—tho' nobler efforts oft'times fail,  
REASON and TRUTH must in the end prevail!

Where Despots' cannons rattle;  
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!  
Assur'd that on the wings of love,  
To Heav'n above  
Thy tender orisons or flown,  
The fervent pray'r  
Thou put'st up there,  
Shall call some guardian Angel down,  
To watch me in the battle!

C

O! Liberty,

City Office, 9<sup>th</sup> May 1798

Commanded by my Lords

the Admiralty to

Copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

Le Chevalier de la

Master at the

desire you will be

same before the

, and to express to

Lordships desire that

be permitted to

Employment.

most humble servant

Edw. Keble



The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

129

( iii )

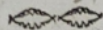
## DEDICATION.

TO THE

SUPREME MAJESTY

OF THE

PEOPLE.



FIR'D with the AMOR PATRIÆ's strain divine,  
 This work I dedicate to FREEDOM's shrine!  
 To ev'ry breast which philanthropic glows,  
 And feels for all MANKIND as friends—not foes!  
 Whose blest exertions in a glorious Cause,  
 Must give us EQUAL RIGHTS, and EQUAL LAWS!  
 Root from this land Corruption's noxious tree,  
 And plant the infant-shrub—fair LIBERTY!  
 O! may it flourish in our gen'rous soil,  
 And ev'ry BRITON for its nurture toil.  
 This is a persecuted Patriot's pray'r,  
 Whose love of TRUTH expos'd him to a share—  
 Of base *oppression* from the sons of *strife*,  
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## PREFACE.

AS there can be no intermediate point between Liberty and Slavery inasmuch that when Men yield up the possession of the one, they must sink into the degradation of the other; so in like manner may we appreciate between Harmony and Discord. The concord of sweet sounds vibrating upon the enchanted ear, animate pleasing sensations, whilst dissonant ones grating upon the senses produce disagreeable effects.

In those countries where Liberty predominates, Harmony is cherished with the utmost freedom, and their popular airs are chaunted with a degree of enthusiasm by people of every description: The Americans obtained their Liberty by the heart-cheering sound of *yankee doodle*, and the French by the more exhilarating ones of *ca ira* and the *Marjeillois Hymn*; such charming and inspiring Harmony is sufficient in itself to inspire men with a love of Liberty, particularly, when under such musical influence they have achieved the salvation of their country.

B 2

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In those places where Slavery predominates, Discord is sure to prevail, Harmony is contracted, and no national effusions are encouraged, except songs and airs composed by *lycophants*, to compliment with a fulsome adulation, (amounting to blasphemy,) the oppressors of the country. The Opera, which is considered as the most polished receptacle of amusement, is no more than a place where every species of frivolity, if not immorality is depicted,—to please those who stile themselves the *higher orders* of society, the very course of nature must be perverted, and to gratify their vitiated taste, men are early in life compelled to undergo certain degrading operations.

The lower orders likewise are debased in their situation, proportionately from the examples exhibited to them by the higher; amongst certain societies stiled “free and easy,” their members meet together to indulge inebriety and immorality, to sing songs calculated only to encourage riot, and debauchery, and to suppress those generous sentiments which should animate men with a love of Liberty, and stimulate them to the performance of moral duties. That which is most congenial

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congenial to the happiness and interest of every individual to embrace whatever form they may be introduced in debate or harmony, and to receive in manner suited to the capacity that common interest—political information only can secure to us the possession and the duty of one man to another intimate knowledge, to deal out to him for the benefit of his fellow-citizen to withhold which, would be as hoarding of gold. It is evident to promote harmony we must destroy a triumph over the latter will be a utmost importance to society. Before something so consolatory in men's consideration oppression unburthening the each other in poetical effusions, with simple and pleasing airs; that

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congenial to the happiness and interest of mankind ought to be cherished, and every sentiment, song, and effusion, calculated to enslave the mind, or debase the understanding, should be particularly discouraged.

As, therefore, good morals are considered the best and safest cement of society, it becomes the interest of every individual to embrace them, in whatever form they may be introduced, whether in debate or harmony, and to receive in the best manner suited to the capacity that which is the common interest—political information; it is this only can secure to us the possession of Liberty, and the duty of one man to another is to disseminate knowledge, to deal out that gift given him for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and to withhold which, would be as useless as the hoarding of gold. It is evident then, that to promote harmony we must destroy discord, and a triumph over the latter will be a benefit of the utmost importance to society. Besides, there is something so consolatory in men labouring under oppression unburthening their minds to each other in poetical effusions, accompanied



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amusement of an hour's relaxation only, would certainly be found highly rational, and the time might be further improved by a judicious selection.

The Author of the following Work with civic respect submits it to his fellow-citizens, not as a performance either elegant or elaborate, but what he conceives to be of higher import—plain and simple—calculated he hopes to tear off the veil of *superstition*, and to expose the views of Party, whether *Whig* or *Tory*, he does not mean by this to make any distinction between those whose dissipation of the public money, differ only in their manner of squandering it; but to remark, that the best remedy for public plunder would be to remove the *haves* and *fishes*. Mankind then would cease to be insulted with the *interested* harangues of the *INS* and the *OURS*.

If, therefore, this small tribute to Freedom should meet the approbation of his fellow-citizens, and by thus blending HARMONY with REASON, and sentiment with TRUTH, prove of general utility in disseminating the principles of LIBERTY, his object will be attained, and his wishes amply gratified.

INTRO-

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convince'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.  
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

( xi )

INTRODUCTORY ODE,  
TO THE

A-T-N-Y G-N-L.

GOOD Mister *Ex Officio*—spare your rage,  
If one of those should catch your *legal* eye;  
Cease to inflict the *Bastille*—*Pillory*!  
Your AUTHOR in this *persecuting* age—  
Has felt the gloomy horrors, of the first;  
But shou'd he with the *latter* e'er be curst!  
What then?—you'll raise him to a post more high!  
Rather then TRUTH shou'd want investigation,  
He'll suffer (if you please) fell *transportation*!

Well Sir J--N S--TT!  
Have you a *punishment* that I've forgot,  
Lurking within your *law-creative* brain?  
When you your dire anathemas denounce,  
Keep it for gentle A--H--ST to pronounce—  
He can the *MERCIES* of your *court* explain!  
K--NY--N, whose sapient *rev'rence* for the bible,  
Declares that REASON should be deem'd a *libel*!  
Because 'twas exercis'd by THOMAS PAINE!!!

You'll find nought here subversive of the laws,  
Tho' much I own is said of FREEDOM's cause!  
Of *vile abuses* which you know exist;  
Of *plots*, of *treasons*,—*ministerial crimes*,  
Of TRAITORS still existing in these times,  
Perhaps you'll rank me foremost in the *list*!

There's little said that may be deem'd *disloyal*,  
And less that touches upon matters *r--!*

Hoping

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Hoping to slip thro' P--tt and G--w--e's acts;  
But you Sir J--N, may see with other eyes,  
Thro' Reeves's optics, who keeps troops of spies---  
Ready to swear to any thing but facts!

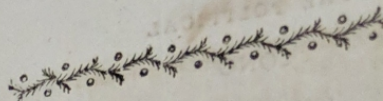
Say, learned sir! suppose you d--n the work!  
Pillry the Author! stop its circulation;  
Has he done half so much as E--M--D B--K--Z,  
Whose lib'lous pen hath more alarm'd the Nation!  
His wise reflections! upon GALLIA's change,  
On the sublime and beautiful-- belle Ange!  
His praise of chivalry, of deeds quixotic! ---  
Produc'd that Book of Books--the rights of man,  
Raising a SYSTEM on a virtuous plan---  
Its Principles quite PURE and PATRIOTIC!

Methinks, I hear you haughtily exclaim---  
What! does the scribb'ling slave abuse my name?  
Soon shall he feel the weight of legal fury:  
Those sacred names he's dar'd to violate,  
Each count shall fully prove, shall plainly state,  
To suit the feelings of a loyal jury!

Grave sir, should this prove fair anticipation,  
If crush'd by you---my hopes are on the NATION.



The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my d  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be  
Since base prejudice fades at their view.  
Where fair Freedom resides in th  
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That NEW AGES may



# POLITICAL HARMON

## TO LIBERTY.

WHAT greater bliss can fall from He  
Than LIBERTY to bless the Slav  
Without its hopes Mankind are driv'n,  
Beyond life's joys to seek the grave;  
Dragging oppression's iron chain,  
Depriv'd of thy all-cheering ray,  
Poor AFRIC's fable sons complain.  
That Tyranny usurps thy sway:  
Arise! O God! and manifest thy pow'r.  
That Slaves and Tyrants may not live:

Where Despots' cannons rattle;  
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THE POLITICAL  
SONG.

THE TIMES.

Addressed to JOHN BULL, and his distressed Family,  
AIR—*Ballinamona*.

~~~~~  
YE friends to old England, ye rude *swinish* throng,  
Attend for a moment I'll sing ye a song;  
I'll shew ye what happiness daily can spring,  
From the genius of *Pitt*, and the wisdom of K——!  
*Ballinamona-oro*, will ye open your eyes wide and see,

This *Jackall* of State to please his old master,  
Has brought on your country both shame and disaster;  
Your blood and your treasure you can't call your own,  
For he spends them to guard his own place--*not* the throne.  
*Ballinamona-oro*, the *divine rights* of Monarchs for me.

Your generous Allies with what valour they've fought,  
Since your hard-earn'd money their services bought;  
*Sardinia* to guard his dominions you pay,  
And *Prussia* for drawing his forces away.  
*Ballinamona-oro*, a Subsidy *gratis* for me.

There's *Brunswick* and *Coburg* with *Clairfait* likewise,  
To Paris would march--and fill France with surprise;  
But the road was so *hot* these great heroes relate,  
That their valour to save they were forc'd to--*retreat*.  
*Ballinamona-oro*, a Nation determin'd for me.

With his head full of *plans* to commence the attack,  
And with terror and fury approach'd whisker'd *Mack*;  
His *courage* 'twas thought would fill France with dismay;  
Though he led but one *skirmish* and then--*run away*.  
*Ballinamona-oro*, *deep plans* and great *tactics* for me,  
Then

THE RELIGION of NATURE  
Its just precepts unerring  
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Those joys with my breath w  
That NEW

HARMONY

Then a good *pious* BISHOP the  
A gallant young Duke who wa  
Led his Guards on to battle for  
But he lost all his cannon--his t  
*Ballinamona-oro*, a scam

Disappointed and harrafs'd you'  
And leave in retreat his *brave*  
The bold *sans culottes* have acco  
For Holland receives them as h  
*Ballinamona-oro*, *fi*

The mighty *Stadtholder* was forc  
To eat your roast beef and to d  
To a prince so *obliging* you can  
As long as you're *sure* of your b  
*Ballinamona-oro*, a snugg lod

Oh! *Pitt* thou apostate, whom  
Will you ne'er put an end to th  
'Till France with the fleets of  
Makes the *tri-colour'd* flag triu  
*Ballinamona-oro*, the

Now the BISHOPS in concert h  
When you all in obedience mu  
And if ye don't join in defence  
You'll be traitors declar'd--and  
*Ballinamona-oro*, the humb

STANZA

On the rising Prosper

BEHOLD fair TRUTH  
And gilding bright Creation  
With REASON in pure Vi  
Commence a glorious golde

Where Despots' cannons r  
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134

## HARMONIST.

15

Then a good *pious* BISHOP the pride of your land,  
 A gallant young Duke who was first in command,  
 Led his Guards on to battle for glory and fame;  
 But he lost all his *cannon*--his troops and--*good name*!  
 Ballinamona-oro, a *scamper* from *Dunkirk* for me.

Disappointed and harrafs'd you've seen him return,  
 And leave in retreat his *brave followers* to mourn;  
 The bold *fans culottes* have accomplish'd their ends,  
 For Holland receives them as brothers and friends.  
 Ballinamona-oro, *fraternal* embraces for me.

The mighty *Stadtholder* was forc'd to run here,  
 To eat your roast beef and to drink your strong beer;  
 To a prince so *obliging* you cannot grudge these,  
 As long as you're *sure* of your *bread* and your *cheese*!  
 Ballinamona-oro, a *snugg* lodging at *Kew* firs, for me.

Oh! *Pitt* thou apostate, whom all men abhor,  
 Will you ne'er put an end to this ruinous war,  
 'Till France with the fleets of both Holland and Spain,  
 Makes the *tri-colour'd* flag triumph over the main!  
 Ballinamona-oro, the downfall of *despots* for me.

Now the BISHOPS in concert have fix'd on a day,  
 When you all in obedience must *fast* well and *pray*,  
 And if ye don't join in defence of your K--g.  
 You'll be traitors declar'd--and they'll vote you a *string*.  
 Ballinamona-oro, the humbugg of *priestcraft* for me.

## STANZAS

On the rising Prosperity of FRANCE.

BEHOLD fair TRUTH in splendour rise  
 And gilding bright Creation's skies,  
 With REASON in pure Virtue's train,  
 Commence a glorious golden reign.

Behold

Where Despots' cannons rattle;  
 For equal Rights, and equal Laws!  
 Affur'd that on the wings of love,  
 To Heav'n above  
 Thy tender orisons or flown,  
 The fervent pray'r  
 Thou put'st up there,  
 Shall call some guardian Angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle!

C

O! Liberty,

City Office, 9<sup>th</sup> May 1798

Commanded by my Lords

the Admiralty to

Copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

Le Chevalier de la

Master at the

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Lordsships desire that

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Employment.

most humble servant

Edw. Keenan



Behold base **FALSHOOD** views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on **GALLIA's** shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *priestcraft's* broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before **LIBERTY**!

Behold their arms support the Cause,  
For equal Rights and equal Laws;  
Each **HERO** shouts with his last breath,  
O! give me Liberty—or death!

Behold each haughty Despot's brow  
To conqu'ring Freedom abject bow,  
Surrounding slavery views the scene,  
And pants to taste such joys serene!

Ye worthless part of mankind, say—  
(Who Tyrants serve, the scenes survey;)  
Can *art* and *sophistry* prevail,  
When **TRUTH** and **JUSTICE** hold the scale?

## SONG.

## THE PATRIOTS' ADIEU;

A PARODY.

AIR, *Dibdin's*.

ADIEU! adieu; my only life,  
My Country calls me from thee;  
Remember thou'rt a Patriot's wife,  
Those tears but ill become thee;  
What tho' by duty I am call'd,  
Where Tyrants' cannons rattle,

Where

THE RELIGION OF NATURE shall  
Its just precepts unerring pursue  
Convinc'd **TRUTH** and **REASON** n  
Since base *prejudice* fades at the  
Where fair Freedom reside  
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the  
**MANKIND** could I once behold  
Those joys with my breath will I  
That **NEW AGES** may taste the

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Whom before all his honours an  
He perhaps may think hard, that  
And plead prior right from *illu*  
But his virtues are seen, in a *black*  
Before we admit him in freedom

Should base *spies* or *informers* by ch

Where valour's self might stand  
Still on the wings of thy  
To Heav'n above  
Thy tender orisons are flow  
The fervent pray'r  
Thou put'st up there,  
Shall call a guardian Angel  
To watch me in the battle!  
My safety thy fair Truth shall b  
As sword and buckler serving  
My life shall be more dear to m  
Because of thy preserving;  
Let perils come, let horrors thr  
Let Tyrants' cannons rattle,  
I'll dauntless brave each conflict  
Assur'd that on the wings  
To Heav'n above  
Thy tender orisons or flow  
The fervent pray'r  
Thou put'st up there,  
Shall call a guardian Angel  
To watch me in the battle!  
Enough—with that benignant s  
Some kindred God inspir'd the  
Who saw thy bosom void of gui  
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 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.  
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.  
 Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

147

HARMONIST.

41

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 We'd look to his MERIT—his *title* despise;  
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
 And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;  
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

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135

HARMONIST.

17

Where valour's self might stand appall'd,  
 Still on the wings of thy dear love,  
 To Heav'n above  
 Thy tender orisons are flown,  
 The fervent pray'r  
 Thou put'st up there,  
 Shall call a guardian Angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle!  
 My safety thy fair Truth shall be,  
 As sword and buckler serving;  
 My life shall be more dear to me,  
 Because of thy preserving;  
 Let perils come, let horrors threat,  
 Let Tyrants' cannons rattle,  
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 To Heav'n above  
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 The fervent pray'r  
 Thou put'st up there,  
 Shall call a guardian Angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle!  
 Enough—with that benignant smile,  
 Some kindred God inspir'd thee;  
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee!  
 I go in Freedom's righteous cause,  
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## HARMONIST.

In tavern, or in public-house,  
 You're always sure to find me;  
 I sit so mute to hear all *chat*,  
 That folks but seldom mind me;  
 If you on Politics should talk,  
 Or civic songs should sing,  
 I'll artfully provoke your words,  
 And swear you've d—d the K—g;  
 My work being done,  
 Away I'll run,  
 To note the whole affair;  
 For let the Cause be *right* or *wrong*,  
 This is the burthen of my song,  
 For money I can swear.  
 The Privy Council quite elate,  
 When first I told my story,  
 Arrested MEN who nobly stood  
 For Britain's Rights and glory;  
 The Habeas Corpus did suspend,  
 That they should not be tried,  
 'Till I should swear to such base acts,  
 As might not be denied;  
 But HONEST JURIES marr'd my plans,  
 And did them FREE declare,  
 Still let the Cause be *right* or *wrong*,  
 This is the burthen of my song,  
 For money I will swear.  
 My villainy I'll still pursue,  
 With vigilant attention;  
 For Pitt declares if I succeed,  
 He'll grant a place or pension.  
 I'll swear black's white and white is black!  
 To get such great reward;  
 No time I'll spare,  
 Men to ensnare,  
 Nor justice e'er regard;  
 C 2

## THE POLITICAL

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 Then sinks into her dark abyfs,  
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,  
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 And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

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## THE POLITICAL

O! Liberty, sweet maid, descend!  
 A Patriot seeks thy glory;  
 Do thou the RIGHTS of MAN defend  
 'Gainst party—*Whigg* or *Tory*;  
 In thy just Cause the HERO fights,  
 Tho' Tyrants league in battle,  
 For equal Laws, and equal Rights,  
 And should fair Freedom bless this land,  
 We'll firmly stand,  
 No tyranny shall then be known;  
 But gentle peace,  
 Our joys increase,  
 The Goddess shall herself come down,  
 And stop the cannons rattle!

## SONG.

## THE SPY

AIR. Poll and partner Jsc.

I AM d'ye see a Mouchard, Sirs,  
 As horrid a dog as any;  
 At the Old Bailey, and in Hick's-hall,  
 Swore false for many a guinea:  
 None can convenient mem'ry boast,  
 More than ingenious I,  
 Not even my employer Pitt,  
 Who has hir'd me for a Spy;  
 With conscience light,  
 And free from spight,  
 It is my only care,  
 That let the Cause be *right* or *wrong*,  
 This is the burthen of my son—  
 For money I can swear.



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147

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137

HARMONIST.

SONG.

CHURCH HIPOCRISY.

AIR. Bow wow wow

FRIENDS and neighbours silence and I'll tell ye a story,  
 'Tis nothing more than what's acted *weekly* before ye;  
 I'll serve in it to shew in ev'ry rank and station,  
 The RELIGION that's observ'd thro'out this pious nation.  
*mew mew mew &c.*

The *Farmer* when he goes to church he *travels* very early,  
 Tho' it's ten to one his bus'ness is to find the price of barley  
 The *sober* *Cit* his eyes throws round some *crony* to discover,  
 That they may take a *bumper* mix'd as soon as church is over.  
*mew mew mew &c.*

The *married-lady* walks to church when *pious* she's in-  
 clin'd, sirs,  
 Her footman neat, in pompous state, with pray'r-book  
 behind her,  
 Each pray'r or psalm she sweetly *liffs* with simp'ring or  
 blushing,  
 And lest she'd soil her nice silk gown she kneels upon a  
 cushion.  
*mew mew mew &c.*

The little *Miss* comes forward next, and trips it quite  
 alert, sirs,  
 She is so nicely trick'd out her beauties to assert, sirs,  
 Her eyes she glances keen around in *ogles* to invite ye,  
 And seems inclin'd to please the *Beaux* much more than  
 G-d A——y!  
*mew mew mew, &c.*

The *widow-lady's* quickly known in pace so very slow, sirs,  
 Drest out in sable weeds proclaim the mockery of woe, sirs,  
 Except unseen in *side-looks* her mind she'll not discover,  
 Tho' it's ten to one she's *kiss* again before a month be over.  
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C 3

The.

16

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20

## THE POLITICAL

But should I fail, and *friends* turn tail,  
I'm sure to go to pot;  
I then must see my *cause* is *wrong*,  
And lose the *burthen* of my song,  
Perhaps get *hang'd* like *WATT*!

## SONNET.

To Citizen JOSEPH GERRALD.

AIR. Dear sir, this brown jugg.

LET vain poet-laureats attune their proud lays,  
To the *minions* of State pour their court-pamper'd praise,  
Be mine now to cherish fair Truth's simple plan,  
In proving that manners ennoble the Man!  
Then with those whose just actions their country endear'd,  
Let the name of great GERRALD be ever rever'd.

His exertions for Freedom (the cause of his woes,)  
Shew'd talents and virtues allow'd by his foes;  
The Tyrants of *SCOTIA's* injustice and sway,  
Sent merit, and genius, and greatness away,  
To a part of new Holland's intemperate clime,  
Where philanthropy's Son may be lost in his prime.

For England (departing)—the PATRIOT pray'd,  
And yielding himself in her Cause undismay'd;  
Like a lilly bent down by the tempest of pow'r,  
'Mongst *felons* and *transports* to pass each long hour:  
What honors superior distinguish the great,  
When VIRTUE and LIBERTY weep o'er their fate!

SONG.



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HARMONIST.

23

'Tis but in vain,  
Your PRIVILEGES bought and sold,  
'Tis but in vain,  
For Britons to complain!  
The next campaign,  
May thousands send into their graves,  
Then they're free from pain;  
But those who remain,  
Must kiss the rod of slavery,  
And hugg her chain!

Britons! maintain!  
Those rights which HAMPDEN bled for, first!  
Britons, maintain,  
Revenge your millions slain!  
Remember THOMAS PAINE!  
His arguments point out the way  
Your Freedom to regain;  
But should Tyrants still remain,  
The Halter or the Guillotine,  
Must stop their reign.

SONG.

THE BLESSINGS OF WAR.

AIR. Old Sir Simon the king.

GOOD People attend to my story,  
'Tis a matter that's true I must say;  
And those who delight much in glory,  
To be shot at for nine-pence a-day!

shot at, &amp;c.

There's

16

THE POLITICAL

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THE POLITICAL

The Merchant occupies his pew in solving cent per cent, sirs  
His private piety perhaps keen views might circumvent, sirs  
He now and then may join the clerk in zeal to say amen, sirs  
Concluding ev'ry pious pray'r with dot and carry ten, sirs  
mew mew mew, &c.

We need not wonder much at this since the c—y are  
such knaves, sirs,  
Who keep mankind in ignorance to make them willing  
slaves, sirs;  
And what to some religious minds is certainly distressing,  
Tho' words are just as cheap as wind they'll not bestow a  
blessing!  
mew mew mew, &c.

Thus all their Flock with one accord both gentle & simple,  
On sundays meet together to pollute the holy TEMPLE;  
And should ye look for sanctity among those pious people,  
The church (without exception) is as empty as the steeple.  
mew mew mew, &c.

GLEE.

AIR. Why, Soldier, why.

WHY, Britons, why,  
Should ye submit to tyranny?  
Why, Britons, why,  
'Tis better far to die!  
When Nature cries!  
And famine stares ye in the face,  
'Tis time to rise,  
Or else despise  
The RIGHTS of MAN and furnish Pitt  
With more supplies!

'Tis



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HARMONIST.

25

LINES.

*In appeal to the REASONING part of Mankind.*

DID the CREATOR of this fertile ball,  
When he first pois'd it in immeasur'd space,  
Ordain his noblest work should basely fall,  
And to a tyrant's pow'r alone give place?

Was it the wish of Majesty supreme,  
That governs all with wise directing hand,  
A monster should usurp his sacred name,  
And crush whole millions with unjust command?

Did that Great Pow'r from whom all wisdom springs,  
Reveal his secret to a set of *priests*,  
Trust mankind's happiness with these and Kings,  
Level their understandings with the beasts?

Tyrants will plunder men, and spill their blood,  
In wars, pretending to a *right divine*;  
Priests—with a bigotry scarce understood,  
As royal engines sanction the design.

Base *superstition* with her slavish band,  
Who keep mankind in ignorance and fear,  
Shall soon be banish'd from fair FREEDOM's land,  
And REASON only hold her empire there!

Then shall FRATERNITY's blest age commence,  
The reign of Tyranny will then be o'er;  
Man's equal Rights fair JUSTICE will dispense,  
And hateful warfare men shall learn no more!

SONG.

16

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## THE POLITICAL

There's the bold SERGEANT KITE he'll avow,  
If you enter you'll have *present* pay;  
Commissions he'll give you all now,  
To be *shot at* for nine-pence a-day,

*shot at, &c.*

Your cloathing, your living, and all—  
Let it give you no *trouble* I pray,  
There's good feeding on powder and ball,  
If you're *shot at* for nine-pence a-day.

*shot at, &c.*

He'll *promise* you bounties 'tis true,  
Aye, more than he's able to pay;  
But money's no object to you,  
If you're *shot at* for nine-pence a-day.

*shot at, &c.*

Ye Youths so courageous and bold,  
Don't throw this *advantage* away;  
For ye never need fear growing old,  
If you're *shot at* for nine-pence a-day.

*shot at, &c.*

Tho' to take from your BROTHER his *life*!  
You must go if commanded away;  
And if you *desert* from this strife,  
They'll SHOOT you for running away! *shoot you, &c.*

And now to conclude this fine song,  
Your *feelings* I hope are in play,  
To think if it's *right*—it's not *wrong*,  
To be *shot at* for nine-pence a-day.

*shot at, &c.*

LINES.



The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,  
Its just precepts unerring pursue;  
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,  
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.

Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,  
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;  
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,  
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

Should a *prince* amongst us for admission attend,  
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;  
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,  
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;  
But his virtues are seen, in a *black* or *white* bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

Charging all his loving and dutiful subjects to beware  
Of doctrines so *pernicious* tho' they did men's rights declare;  
As they lov'd *war* and *taxes*, and could much blood and  
treasure spare,  
Tho' to support his royal dignity they at last should feed  
on air.—Moderation! moderation! was not this  
wonderful moderation!

But certain men not having the *royal* fear before their eyes,  
Began to read, to preach, to speak of *rights* without disguise  
Till the *habeas corpus* act suspended, took them by surprise  
And lodg'd them in the TOWER to be tried on the evi-  
dence of *Spies*.—Litigation, litigation, what a  
base system of litigation.

Then a mighty scheme was plann'd, the famous *pop gun* plot  
When 'twas said a *poison'd* arrow in the play-house would  
be shot

At our most gracious King to send him quick to pot,  
Tho' the plan was fabricated for what-what-what-what  
what!—To alarm the nation! alarm the nation!  
Ministers did this to alarm the nation!

With many curious pranks in which financiers abound,  
Our knavish *premier* took great pains to spread this farce  
around;  
And four poor victims were bastilled those fallacies to  
ground:—

A grand jury took the bait and the Treason Bills were found.  
Discrimination, &c. oh, what wonderful discrimination.  
To prove Reformists *traitors* they held a *State Commission*!  
Where Judges, Informers, Lawyers and Spies, made up  
an *Inquisition*—  
With Pitt himself, whose memory was in such a weak  
condition,

That twelve honest friends to TRUTH pronounc'd a ver-  
dict of remission.—And sav'd the nation! sav'd  
the nation, wonderfully sav'd an *insulted* nation.  
With

## THE POLITICAL

Behold base *FALSHOOD* views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyfs,  
While Freedom lives on *GALLIA's* shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause.

## THE POLITICAL

## SONG.

## STATE TRICKS DEVELOPED.

AIR. *Moderation and Alteration.*

ATTEND true sons of freedom to a new-fashion'd song,  
To an old-fashion'd tune sung by the vagrant throng,  
Shewing ye the difference betwixt right and wrong,  
And the wonderful  *blessings* which to Britons do belong,  
From their administration, administration, from the  
wisdom of their blest administration!

I shall pass by a race of bloody, base and foolish K—s,  
Seeing the very best are but *expensive* things;  
Who cherish ev'ry vice that to blood and rapine clings,  
And who would be but *drones* if you took away their *stings*,  
With which they rule their nations, &c. with which  
they rule their deluded nations.

Then first I shall begin with that Jesuit Edmund Burke,  
A *dagger-drawing* senator, in politics—a Turk;  
Who to stigmatize mankind, wrote a rhapsodical work,  
Calling the people *swine*, perhaps from a hatred to pork!  
Degradation, &c. is not this infamous degradation?

But he was quickly answer'd by the democratic PAINE,  
Proving that *Whiggs* and *Tories* act from principles of gain;  
And many other truths which his RIGHTS of MAN explain,  
That tyrants have descended from the wicked race of Cain!  
Emancipation! &c. teaching the world emancipation.

This book was read by high and low, its arguments so clear  
That *penioners* the nation robb'd of millions in the year;  
Which fill'd the courtly sycophants with such bodily fear;  
And our most gracious Majesty, who in council did appear!  
And issued a proclamation! a royal proclamation! is-  
sued a most wonderful proclamation?

Charging



## HARMONIST

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147

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Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!  
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,  
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But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,  
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

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141

## HARMONIST

29

## SONG.

Addressed to the Hon. SIMON BUTLER, and OLIVER  
BOND, on their imprisonment in Dublin, for publishing  
and Address to the People concerning the MILITIA and  
GUNPOWDER ACTS.

SLOW AIR. *Bow wow wow.*

COME listen sons of Freedom and I'll tell ye a story,  
'Tis nothing more than what's daily acted before ye;  
I'll serve in it to shew in ev'ry rank and station,  
The blessings IRISHMEN enjoy thro'out their happy nation.  
O! what a glorious--what a happy--what a boasted  
Constitution!

It's not very long since a dread prison I pass'd, firs,  
Where innocence and guilt indiscriminate were cast, firs,  
From its cells and its appertures I heard what I retain, firs,  
Two brave sons of Hibernia most piteously complain, firs,  
Is this our glorious, &c. &c. &c.

I paus'd a-while to hear what rent my very heart, firs,  
The slave trade oft has made my humanity to start, firs;  
An American instructed, and to such things a stranger,  
Philanthropy here pleaded exclusive of my danger,  
From your glorious, &c. &c. &c.

A wretched artisan whose face wore poverty's sad traces,  
As he approached near to me in slow and languid paces,  
Gave me in plaintive voice to know the People's dear  
PHYSICIAN,

O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.  
Now our laws are such--they shield us from all harms,  
But what sort of laws are these that deprive ye of your arms?

The rogues may take your property the ravishers your wives  
They've got your lives! *sanction* (if they please) to take away  
O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.

D

A massy

16

## THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,  
Then sinks into her dark abyss,  
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,  
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *priestcraft*'s broke,  
And Man disdains its galling yoke;  
Base Superstition, Bigotry,  
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their cause support the Cause

28

## THE POLITICAL

With many such disasters in their crusade against France,  
In which the gallant *sans culottes* have led them such a  
dance,  
The Bishops make us fast and pray, tho' the poor have no  
other chance;  
And by these cursed schemes we see a famine fast advance!  
To starve the nation, starve the nation, Ministers  
both plunder and starve the nation!

Then let us all with one accord unite without delay;  
Let's hoist the flag of Liberty, and cherish Freedom's ray,  
Should war and famine still keep up the Order of the Day,  
John Bull will very soon shake off curst ministerial sway;  
And free the nation, free the nation, join in a mass  
to free the nation!

## GLEE.

## TO LIBERTY.

AIR. *Flow thou regal purple stream*

LET blest LIBERTY be my theme,  
Nurtur'd by her holy flame;  
Let Mankind no more be slaves,  
Clear this land from hireling knaves:  
Let fair FREEDOM fire each soul,  
Spread her Laws from pole to pole;  
Let's oppose each Tyrant's plan,  
And set up the RIGHTS of MAN.

De Capo.

SONG